

Crucian's Rufinus

FOR THE

COURT-FAVOURITE'S OVERTHROW.

BEING

A Curious and Correct Grub-street Edition of one of the best Satyrical POEMS, of one of the best POETS, on one of the Worst Stationers that ever liv'd.

Ore legar populi.

x
De jussura poesis eris, quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; & quadam, si longius abster:
Hæc amat obscurum, vult hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen;
Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit.

HOR. de Ar. Po.

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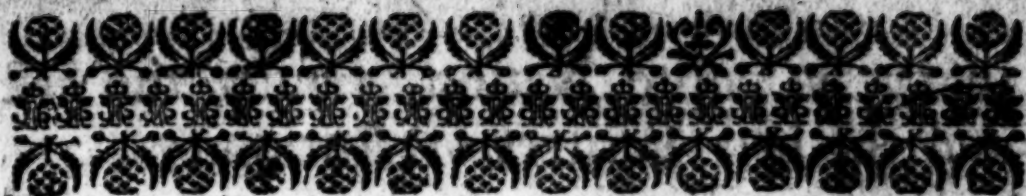
(Price Six Pence.)

A Prefatory INTRODUCTION,

Address'd to ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Requesting his Judgment of this extraordinary Poem,
And Containing

1. **A**N Account of the Author, who is one of the Chief of the Roman Classics, and translated by an eminent Hand; being one of the best and learnedest Editions published from Grub-street since the Memory of Man.
2. Concerning the Value of this Work among the old Romans, and the Applause the Author receiv'd from two Great Emperors, the Senate and the whole People of Rome, who now does the honest Grub-street Authors the Honour to be one of them, rather than be a Sparkish, Modish, Flattering, Lying, Dedicating AUTHOR in a red Turkey Dress, cover'd and dawb'd all over, with Gold on the Sides, and before and behind, and either nothing or something worse than nothing, and, perhaps the Devil, in the Middle.
3. An Account of the most wicked, vile Politician, the most odious, covetous, proud, cruel, insolent, tyrannical Court-Favourite that ever breath'd upon GOD's Earth, or at least within these Four Hundred Year's last past; with Remarks on the Sharpness of this Satyre, that lashes every one of his Vices, at almost every Syllable, the like never publish'd before, from T—nson's best Presses, tho' now publish'd for the Honour of Grub-street: His Name is RUFINUS, from whence, some believe, is deriv'd the Word *Ruffian*.
4. An Account of a noble, worthy Statesman called STILICO, upon whom is interwoven the finest Panegyrick, that ever was in any Language, for attacking this Monster by himself, when all the greatest People of the Empire beside were afraid and stood in Awe of him, thinking it as much as their Lives were worth to open their Lips against him: And how this noble STILICO overthrew this Monster of Impiety; and how the Spirit of Justice appeared among the People, and condemn'd him not only to be put to Death, but his Body to remain without Burial.
5. An Account of the famous Authors Grub-street can boast of, beyond any else in London and Westminster; and a modest Appeal to the ingenious Mr. POPE's own Judgment, whether this is not more an Epic Satire, and a better Epic Satire than the DUNCIAD; and a modest Request to him, if it be so, to procure the Translator Subscribers, out of his Hundred Thousand Admirers, when the Second BOOK, *cum notis variorum* comes out, which will be then bigger, as well as better than the DUNCIAD, (that was sold at Three Half Crowns;) at the small Price of two Testers. The Price of this single Book being no more than a single Six-Pence.



T H E

Prefatory Introduction,

Address'd to *Alexander Pope*, Esq;
requesting his Judgment of this
extraordinary Piece.

An Account of the AUTHOR.

CLAUDIAN is an Author of
so considerable a Class, Rank, and
Character in the Letter'd World, that, as
he has made his Way with Figure, from
his own Time, for near four Hundred
Years together, down to our Days, so he
is certain to continue on in the same Road
of Applause to the latest Posterity, ho-
noured and admired in every Age, and
a in

in every polite Nation, among the first and the best Writers of Antiquity.

SUCH a Number of Commentators Antient and Modern, such a Croud of Men of Letters have press'd in with their loud Commendations of him (partly out of Pride to shew their own good Taste and Judgment) placing him next to *Virgil* himself, and above all the *Latin* Authors not excepting even Mr. *Pope's* Favourite *Statius* himself, that as no Body dares for his own Sake, detract from his Praise, so no Body will venture to shew so much Self-sufficiency as to think, at this Time of Day, he can add by his own single Capacity to the Weight of that Authority, with which the World has concurred to establish the Same and to give him the second Honours of the *Latin* Laurel.

AND then again several pious and learned *Fathers* of the Church have mention'd him with Honour not only
as

as a delightful, but a most useful and profitable Poet, on the Account of the Morals, which he sprinkles agreeably throughout all his Works, that it would be vain and superfluous here to attempt the adding of any Thing, at so late a Time of the Day as this, to a Reputation so long and so universally established. When the *Fathers* of the Christian Church agree with all learned Men living at all Times since he wrote, that he mingles the best Instructions with the most exquisit Delight in his Performances, and since the Master of the Art and Rules of Poetry bears Testimony, that that Author,

*Omne tulit Punctum, qui miscuit utile
Dulci.*

What need of more? This Concurrence of all Ages, and different Nations for so long a Time, is the highest, nay it is an irrefragable and infallible Proof
of

of his Merit; and saying any Thing after that, is saying nothing; according to that old frequent Philosophical Observation. *Qui nimium probat nihil probat.*

An Account of the Value put by the Romans upon this particular Work.

IT will be only necessary to inform the Reader, how distinguished a Place this particular Work bears amongst the many applauded Performances of so distinguished and so celebrated a Poet.

IT was his Friendship with STILICO the then glorious Statesman, whom he praised for overthrowing the Monster in wicked Craft and Policy, RUFINUS, that made all Rome; nay, and all the *Empire of Rome* his Friends. It was the severe and rigid sharpness of his Invectives against RUFINUS, the Enemy of Mankind, and the Detestation and mortal Aversion of STILICO, that made this Poet (who
was

was eminent indeed in the Reign of that good, that excellent Monarch *Theodosius the Great*) become perfectly beloved, honour'd and caress'd by his two Imperial Sons, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, as well as by the whole *Roman* Senate, and by the People and Soldiers too universally of both Empires, so that this very Satire may be said to be the Accomplishment of his Glory and the Promotion of his Fame to that Height, in the Enjoyment whereof he stands unequal'd to this Day, by the several great Poets, that the whole World has been able to produce, since his own, or even since *Virgil's* Time.

HE was so beloved by these Princes and the *Roman* People, that Statues crown'd with Laurel were erected to his Memory in the Market Places, and other publick Parts of *Rome*, and on his Tomb was Inscib'd a high Encomium styling him the most glorious of Poets. It added further, that tho' his Poems were abundantly sufficient to perpetuate his Fame, yet to testify the Honour they had for him, the
most

most learned Emperors of happy Memory, *Arcadius* and *Honorius*, did according to the special Addresses and Request of the Senate ; command his Statue to be erected in the *Forum* of the divine *Trajan*. They ascrib'd to him the Judgment of *Virgil*, joined with all the Fire of *Homer*, in a *Greek* Distick.

How noble a Work then must this Satire be, and how much must it deserve acceptance from the World, now it is first published in *English* ; this *Grub-street* Edition having been translated from a *Latin* Copy, carefully compared with old Authentick Manuscripts of it, still to be seen by the Curious in the *Vatican* and the *Bodleian* Libraries. Sure great Numbers of our Countrymen must be glad to purchase at so cheap a Rate so excellent a Composition, which caused the *Romans* to pay such extraordinary Veneration to the Author, for having made Virtue so lovely and amiable by his just Praises of it in his Hero *STRILICO*, and lash'd Vice so severely, that he made it odious and detestable in the Person

of that proud covetous and cruel Minister **RUFINUS**, who is at last described in such strong Colours to be destroy'd for his Villanies, and pull'd Piece-mail by the Soldiers, as a Warning to all others in the most exalted Stations, that might have the like evil Inclinations, the like strong Bent and Propensity to insatiable *Avarice*, unlimited *Ambition*, unbridled *Insolence* and *Cruelty*, against daring to pursue the like Evil Practices, for fear of meeting with the like bloody, terrible and Tragical End.

The Character of this wicked Politician, who is the Subject of the following Poem.

HISTORY informs us, that this **RUFINUS** was Prime Minister, and absolute Top-favourite, that enjoyed singly to himself alone the whole Bosoms of the two *Roman* Emperors successively, *Theodosius the Great* and his Son *Arcadius*; into which he insinuated himself by strange Court-crafts and Artifices, and engross'd their Royal Favours to his own sole Use.

HE was, it seems, of low Extraction and Circumstances; and after he had made his
Friends

Friends his *Stirrups* to his Preferment, and mounted the Saddle of Power, he kept them under his Feet. He went upon the Maxim of one of the wicked Ministers introduc'd to say in one of our *Dramas*; *The Building built, Down with the Scaffoldage.* He was now grown great enough to think himself self-sufficient, with the chusing of proper Tools and Creatures, to manage all Things according to his Will by himself, so used his Friends ungratefully, despised their Families and Children tho' noble and ancient many of them; and put on Airs of Insolence, using the roughest and most threatening Demeanor, even to the Person of his Prince, his Imperial Benefactor:

HE put all Posts and Places out to sale, as it were by Auction, to the best Bidder; sold, at extravagant Rates, new Titles and Dignities to Men of obscure Birth; turn'd all great Men, and the old *Roman* Nobility out of Places, and banish'd all from the King's Presence, some even from the Avenues of the Court, and others quite out of the Empire.

HE

HE regulated the Army as he pleased, put out and in Officers of his own, chusing the Creatures of his Will; made whom he pleased Judges; Brow-beat the Courts of Judicature, and fill'd them with Spies, Informers, and false Evidences, that were to rob or murder, by Oath, honest Men, as he should direct and appoint.

HE took advantage of the *Arian* Heresy at that Time of Day prevailing, to persecute and ride some of the *Ecclesiasticks*, and to corrupt and make Tools of others of the then Priesthood: He undertook to attack and bully, out of his right Pretensions, that Holy Father and Bishop of the Church St. *Ambrose*, in the vilest Manner, under Colour and Pretence to please the Emperor, tho' quite and clean contrary to the Emperor's express Desire and Command: But the real Reason was, because that Bishop was an Exemplary St. of a *Christian*, and he himself was a *Heathen*, the worst of *Heathens*, an *Atheist* and profess'd Contemner of the Divine Almighty Power; and no Ecclesiastick, but

what turn'd Rebels and Enemies to their God, were admitted as his Friends and Favourites.

POSSESS'D thus of absolute and sole Power over the Emperor, the Emperor's whole Court, the Camp, the Courts of Justice, the Ecclesiasticks and the Church; he made his Will his Law, amassed immense Wealth, tho' not enough for his insatiable *Avarice*, and look'd upon himself as the Lord of his Lord, tho' that sufficed not his unbounded Ambition, which thirsted after a Power that is not for Man nor found in this World, and that is Immense and Infinite: He by his good Will would be a second *Lucifer* and attempt the Throne of the *All-high*; and could be exceeded by nothing but that Arch-Fiend. No Man, tho' never so great, dar'd open his Lips, against a Person in this Situation, who had by these Means the *Lives* and *Fortunes* of all the Subjects of the *Empire* at his Command. What a Subject is this for Satire? and yet our Satyrist treats him smartly according to his Villainous Deserts; and re-wards

wards his infamous Merits with severe Records of Poetical Justice, that will be perpetual; that stigmatize and brand his Memory to all Posterity; and make his Infamy as unbounded in Time, as his Vices were unbounded in his Wishes and Desires.

The Character of STILICO, the then honest Statesman, that overthrew this Monster of Impiety,

CANNOT be raised higher by any Praises, than he is raised in our Idea; which represents him the direct opposite of this RUFINUS, and the only Friend that dare rise up against this Enemy of Mankind, and this Pest of Human Society. These two are judicially plac'd by the Poet to great Advantage: 'Tis the Dark and the Light in a fine Picture: The Ugliness and Deformity of a Fiend, and the Beauty and Splendor of a Celestial Spirit, are both of them mutually increasing and increased, when seen together in one View: It is an advantageous Prospect, that heightens in the Spectators Hatred and Detestation,

tion, and Love, and Admiration, as high as they will go, or as Human Nature is capable of entertaining those different Passions. There is no giving STILICO any Praise equal to his Merit; but in an Exclamation such as our Author uses in the Poem, which is finely fancied (one would almost think beyond Expression, but that *Claudian* has perform'd it, that only could perform it) and as finely expressed.

*Qua Dignum te laude feram, qui pene ruenti:
Lapsuroq; tuos Humeros objeceris orbi
Te nobis, trepida ceu sidus dulce Carina,
Ostendere Dei, geminis quo Lapsa procellis
Tunditur; & victa trahitur jam ceca Magistro.*

A modest Appeal to Mr. P O P E, about the real Value and Excellency of this Work, and requesting him to give an Impartial Judgment of the Performance.

UPON the Whole, I cannot but think these two contending Great Men, the then Heads of the *Eastern* and *Western* World, afford a greater Subject than ever enter'd into

into the Composition of Epic Satire, either before or since; and that accordingly *Claudian's* Satire likewise is as much above the Satires of all other Satyrical Poets, as his Subject is above all the Subjects that any of them ever chose; I except not those of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, that have been done with Applause, by the most eminent Hands *Jacob Tonson* could procure, to translate them for the Use of the *English* World; and according to what your Friend *B--ston* hints,

*The Point is this, with manly Sense and Ease
T'inform the Judgment and the Fancy please:
Praise it deserves, nor difficult the Thing,
At once to serve one's Country and one's King.
Such Writings bring the Wealthy Tonson Gain*

He! *Monsieur P O P E!* *Entendez vous bien?* And will not you, who are a Brother, help a poor one of the Fraternity of *Grub-street*, with your Approbation, who for the Honour of the Place has translated and put out a finer Satire than *Jacob Tonson* ever put forth, or than has been ever

ever publish'd in the *English* Language since the Memory of Man, by any Bookseller or Author within the Limits of *London* and *Westminster* ; not even excepting the *DUNCIAD*, which you will, if you are impartial, readily own, to be far inferior in the Subject as well as the Management of it, to this Poem ; and an *Epic Satire* that cannot stand in Competition with this. When the two *BOOKS* of this come out (*which I was too poor to publish all at once*, a Case that ought to move a rich Brother's compassionate and generous *Assistance*, and the true Reason, of its appearing in this Manner,) with all the learned *Notes* and *Illustrations* belonging to them, they will make a larger Volume, as well as more valuable, than the *DUNCIAD* (which could be put off at *Three Half Crowns*) and yet these are intended then to be sold at the low Price of a *Shilling*. By your recommending them to a *Subscription*, who knows but I may get a *Thousand Pound* that Way, in Time, thro' so powerful a *Recommender* ? It is said,
as

as much has been got before now at a *Shilling* Subscription, and the Person nam'd to have got it, was our late Friend *Sir Richard Steel*. What has been, may be again; I shall begin to have some Hopes of not falling short in my Number of *Subscribers*, if you will but be so kind and just to Merit, to use your Interest among your *Hundred Thousand Admirers*, for the Sake of a Piece of *Poetry*, which ought to have more Favour shewn it, than the successful Piece I mentioned, which was but a *Prose-Pamphlet*. I have one Thing more to plead for your Favour in this Point. For I have been ruin'd by having my *bare Name* put down among certain *Nameless Names*; so that this Work, which has lain by me compleated these *Three Years*, was no Book-Seller's *Money*, and to say the Truth, *CLAUDIAN* was forc'd to appear by Pieces from *Grub-street* in this brown coarse Garb, tho' he has more intrinsic Value in him, you will allow, than most sparkish Writers in Town, that appear abroad so trimly equip'd in their

Certo

Corio turtico deurato. I know that Poverty
is no Recommendation to the Public now-
a-Days, according to the true Lines in
JUVENAL,

*Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.*

But it is not so with you: Besides you may
raise my Name, as the DUNCIAD de-
press'd it, it will be only saying

*That I but slightly skim'd the sable Streams.
Then soar'd afar among the Swans of Thames.*

You may see, I have given my *Grub-
street* Paper a most sounding String of
Contents, according to Custom, to make
it take with the common People, if you
will but give it a good Word and set it a
running among the better Sort. In this
I have follow'd Great *Grub-street* Exam-
ples; and among the rest your Own. For
what more *pompous apparatus* could there
be put to any *Grub-street* Paper, than
there was to that, you know many Years
ago

ago, which described a wonderful Operation perform'd upon the Body of one Crull in Fleet-street. Your Fav'rite Friend, who from a *A Tale of a Tub*, turn'd Prophet, used the same pompous Stile, in his *Bickerstaffe's* Predictions: Lord Rochester's Mountebank's Speech another Produce of Grub-street, is set forth in the same sublime and ostentatious Stile. Mr. Dryden, Andrew Marvel, Lord Dorset, Lord Roscommon, George Duke of Buckingham, have, all in their Turns, seen their Works put out craftily by the ingenious Artificers in the ART OF PRINTING, that have their Habitation in Grub-street. By this, they got Fame among the common People at least: All I, of my self, can pretend to aim at: And,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

Thus you have a noble Opportunity, given to a generous Mind to exert it self, in not only rescuing a *Musc* (that deserves a better Fate) from dirtying her Linnen with the muddy Dishonours of Fleet-Ditch among the sooty *Naiades* there, but likewise the

c

Body

Body of the *Man*, perhaps, (That as a *Poet*
 is inspired with *elevated* Thoughts) from
 being confined to a *low* Room within the
 neighbouring Fleet, To prevent which,
 as he endeavours to get something honestly
 in the Way of your Profession, which has
 made you so rich, so he hopes, that, while
 he addresses you for your Assistance in sub-
 scribing his BOOKS, with so much
plain-dealing, still he shall not address you
 in vain. Till then, he thinks himself un-
 der an Obligation, to assume no higher
 Title, unless otherwise permitted by that
Author the Great Poetical Censor of all
 Dullness, and sole Arbitrary Licensor of
 all the PRESSES that are going in the
 Service of *Parnassus*, and he will be content
 to subscribe himself only, what he is al-
 low'd to be in the DUNCIAD, when
 he was last *new* Christen'd and dipp'd
 in the muddy Lake, One of the lowest,
 Of Your Creatures to serve
 You (while)

Nameless Name.

P. S. Notwithstanding what the Printer braggs to the Contrary; I know his Edition is not so correct as he gives out. Nay, I politically left some Lines out, and pass'd by great Faults in the Manuscripts knowingly and on Purpose, because in the next Edition I intend to say, With Additions and Corrections.

He! Monsieur Pope! Entendez vous bien?

Be merciful therefore, and spare small Trespases like H O R A C E, who says;

*Verum, ubi plura nitent in Carmine; non ego paucis
Offendar Maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavit natura.*

R U F I N U S

2. 2. *Assembly* *about the* *time*
for *prayer* to the *Lord* *our* *God* *I* *pray*
his *Grace* is *not* *in* *the* *least* *of* *us*
and *we* *are* *not* *in* *the* *least* *of* *us*
and *we* *are* *not* *in* *the* *least* *of* *us*
for *prayer* *for* *us* *and* *our* *people*
and *we* *are* *not* *in* *the* *least* *of* *us*
With *Additions* *and* *Corrections*

His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*

His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*
His *Majesty* *King* *James* *the* *First*

FINIS

RUFINUS *and* STILICO.

BOOK. I.

OF T has this Thought perplex'd my wav'ring
Mind,
If Heaven's great Gods gave heed to Human-kind,
Or, no high Pow'r attending Things so low,
Strange Random Chance rul'd ev'ry Change below.
When my Mind's Eye did Nature's Leagues survey,
The Flux and Reflux of the bounded Sea,
The just Vicissitudes of Night and Day ;
Amaz'd, convinc'd, I all Things understood
Establish'd by the Counsel of a GOD.
By him the Stars, in order, gild the Skies,
Earth's different Fruits, in diff'rent Seasons, rise.
By His Command, so shines the changeful Moon
With borrow'd Light, and with his own the Sun.
'Tis He, that circ'ling round the Sea did call
The Shore, and in the Centre poiz'd the Ball.
But, when again I cast a curious Eye,
And saw Men's Deeds in dark Confusion lye ;
Saw pious Men perplex'd in impious Times,
While smiling Rogues long flourish'd in their Crimes,
Stagger'd at once, I fault'ring Faith foregoe
Forc'd and forc'd hard against my Will, to go
A Into

Into their Sentiments, who boldly say,
 The Seeds of Things in whirling *Atoms* lay,
 Whence shuffled Forms, that to New-being start,
 Are all by Fortune rul'd, and none by Art.
 I thought with them, who or no Gods declare
 Or mindless, if there be, of Men they are.
RUFINUS' Fall clears Heaven, that solves the whole,
 And stills the struggling Tumults of my Soul.
 That impious Men bear Sway, nay Sceptres gain,
 I murmur now no more, no more complain :
 Like *Meteors* Mount these Monsters of the State
 Then shoot to Ruin with full Force from Fate.
 Ye Muses open to the Poets Eyes,
 From what sad Source this *Humane Plague* could rise.

Now Towns and Cities tasted general Rest,
 Nations were Friends, and all the World was blest.
Alecto, fierce with flaming Envy burn'd,
 Man's Peace lamented, and his Pleasure mourn'd ;
 Hell's Sisters summon'd to her sooty Throne
 Dark, Grim, Deform'd, the Council ghastly shone :
 Unnumber'd *Pests* of *Erebus* unite,
 Sprung from the Noxious Womb of woeful Night.
 Fierce raging *Famine*, *Discord* Nurse of War,
 Old *Age* still fretful to find Death so near,
Sickness, impatient her own self to bear,
Envy, that, anxious, does all good bewail,
Sorrow, that, pensive, shews prodigious pale
 Her Tear-swoln Visage, through her tatter'd Veil.
Fear, full of Fancies to herself unkind,
Boldness, proud, blunt, precipitate, and blind,
Lux'ry, the Ravisher of blooming Health
 Unwearyed Waster of all Worldly Wealth ;
 Near her pale *Poverty*, too near allied,
 With humble Pace crept closely at her Side ;

Cares

Cares without End were there, that kill all Rest,
Still sucking Mother *Avarice's* Breast.

ALECTO, now the Session'd Crew resort,
And gath'ring Monsters crow'd the ghastly Court ;
Fix'd in the midst of that infernal Room,
Bad all the murm'ring Mobb of Hell be dumb.
Behind, she toss'd each forward-hanging Snake,
That else might hinder, when she went to speak,
To curl, hiss, wreath, and wanton at her Back.
Her hoarse loud Voice, that pain'd all Ears, express'd
These Deep-pent Passions, bursting from her Breast.

" THUS shall we see Time's peaceful Current glide ?
" Mortals thus bless'd, thus tame their Bliss abide ?
" What rising Qualms of vapour'd Virtue blind
" The fierce-ey'd Malice of each Fury's Mind ?
" Why idly deal we empty Blows in air ?
" Why smould'ring round us these blue Torches glare ?
" Sluggards indeed ! whom *Jove* forbids the Skies,
" And *Theodosius* bids his Earth despise.
" Their golden Age, *curst Age* ! is born again,
" *Concord* and *Peace* resume their ancient Reign ;
" *Virtue* and *Faith* in Pomp detested dwell,
" And sing loud Triumphs o'er our Tribes of Hell :
" But—what strikes, deepest to the quick, my Soul,
" Is, that descending from her airy *Pole*,
" Justice insults me, laughs me quite to scorn ;
" That Root and Branch each Fav'rite *Vice* is torn
" While *Virtue* struts—say Hell, shall this be borne ?
" Nay, daring to the last Degree, she draws
" From Dungeons dark the long-imprison'd Laws.
" And shall we shamefully for Ages sleep,
" Repell'd those Realms, which 'tis our Right to keep ?
" Up,

“ Up, up, for Shame! as Furies should, engage;
 “ Teach, teach your wonted Vigour how to rage:
 “ Be some new Crime; some precious horrid Deed,
 “ That’s worthy of us all, who meet, decreed.
 “ For me, Oh might I, what I mean, fulfil,
 “ Could my whole Pow’r but answer half my Will! —
 “ I burn, I burn to wage celestial Wars,
 “ And would invade, with *Stygian* Clouds, the Stars:
 “ At one black Blaft I’d blot the Face of Day,
 “ Then, at dead dark, unrein the roaring Sea;
 “ Foaming and flooding it should mount all Mounds,
 “ Meet rapid Rivers bursting from their Bounds,
 “ All Nature’s elemental Leagues I’d break,
 “ Till the loose World should from its Hinges shake.

IN dire Applause of what she dreadful said,
 Each Snake, erect, hiss’d horrid round her Head;
 Those snaky Locks she shook, and baleful Venom shed.

WITH Doubts this Motion fill’d the vulgar Fiends,
 War with the Gods the greater Part pretends;
 Part feels, for Hell’s lov’d ancient Rights, affright,
 And dreads the Downfal of the Realms of Night.
 Just such the Noise, that this Dissention bred,
 As troubled Seas tofs’d in their fever’d Bed,
 Do cross the boiling Surface furly spread.
 When self-ingulphing wavy Waters flow,
 Fret rave and foam with Rage unbroke below,
 Tho’, broke, the Winds above scarce seem to blow.
 Long o’er wav’d Surges, murm’ring sweep, behind,
 Faint weary’d Foot-steps of the falling Wind.

Now studious mighty Mischiefs to create,
Megara rose from Grief’s engendering Seat:

’Tis

'Tis her's, to draw blind Souls to Sins prophane,
 And with mad Rage to fill the Minds of Men.
 'Tis her's, on Women's Passions Wars to wage
 'Till their sweet Forms foam frightful into Rage :
 Of Kindred slain the Carnage is her Food,
 And her best Bev'rage near Relations Blood ;
 Either some Son's spilt by some Father's Blade,
 Or Brother's, that a Brother had betray'd.
 She bad the Dart, which shook at the Command,
 Fly fatal forth from *Athamas* his Hand ;
 She drunk with Rage at *Agamemnon*'s Court,
 Rais'd, from alternate Murders, cruel Sport.
 She *OEdipus* his Mother's Husband made,
 She to *Thyeste*'s Bed his Child convey'd,
 And thus in Words, whose Sounds struck Horror, said. }

“ Too weak our Pow'rs, and too vast the Odds,
 “ For us, I fear, O Friends, to fight the Gods ;
 “ But would you spread to the last Verge of Earth
 “ The Death of Nations, swifter than their Birth :
 “ I have a Prodigy of Plagues in store,
 “ To whose rich Rage the *Hydra*'s Rage is poor :
 “ Fierce flies he like the *Tigress* big with young,
 “ Strong as black *Northern* Blasts he drives along.
 “ Sharper than *Harpies*, wilder than the Stream
 “ Whose Tide's most wild ; *RUFINUS* is his Name.
 “ When reeking from his Dam's rank Womb he fell,
 “ This Lap receiv'd the new-spawn'd Brat of Hell :
 “ The hopeful Imp in this dark Bosom crawl'd,
 “ This livid Neck with strain'd Embraces hawl'd, }
 “ And for these rivel'd Dugs he loudly bawl'd.
 “ With three fork'd Tongues, meanwhile, each Serpent
 seems,
 “ Busy to lick to form his Infant Limbs,

" I nurs'd him up to Acts of deadly Hate,
 " From me he suck'd in, with his Milk, Deceit:
 " He'd play in Malice at his Infant Years,
 " But full-grown Rancour in the Man appears:
 " He'll strain all Mischiefs to the Stretch of Art,
 " Feign sacred Faith to play the Villain's Part.
 " The genteel Butcher wears a Courtier's Smile
 " Can with a most becoming Grace beguile;
 " Yet fiercely all, that falls within his Pow'r,
 " With Lust of Lucre, Glutton-like devour.
 " Should welcome Tempests on the *Tagus* blow,
 " 'Till, rich by Storms, the Gold-stain'd waters flow,
 " While Hills of glitt'ring Sands they upwards throw,
 " Those Streams, tho' Mountain-high those Streams
 should roll,
 " Can't slake the Thirst of his Hydropick Soul.
 " Its liquid Treasure should *Pactolus* pour,
 " And all exhausted *Hermus* add its Store;
 " Still hot, still fev'rish, he would thirst for more.
 " 'Twould charm malignant Hearts to see his Skill,
 " When he winds up each vast Extreme of ill:
 " Dext'rous 'mongst fondest Friends; what Feuds he
 throws;
 " How makes sworn Brothers the most mortal Foes!
 " In early Days, among the Sons of Men,
 " Had but one *Monster-man*, like him, been seen:
 " *Theseus* had left *Perithous* to his Fate,
 " And sown'd sweet Friendship to corroding Hate:
 " At mad *Orestes*, *Pylades* had rag'd,
 " And *Pollux* against *Castor* stood engag'd:
 " His Mistress I, those Arts, I taught him, own
 " By his superior wicked Wit outdone.
 " All all our Crimes, what boots it more to tell?
 " Transcendent in this glorious Villain dwell,
 " Who singly rivals the Joint-pow'rs of Hell.
 " Him,

" Him, if this wise Assembly so exhort;
 " I'll make the World's chief Monarch call to Court.
 " Than *Numa* the Divine, though graver He
 " Nay though a *Adinos*, (as he may) be be;
 " He, by our *Craftsman's* Rules, shall form his Sway
 " Trepann'd himself within the Trains he'l lay.

LIFTING their Hands prophane, the impious Rout
 Clap her vile Speech, and raise a rueful shout.
 Pregnant with Ill, applaud her dark Designs
 And praise the Plot such Policy refines.
 With a blue Snake she girds her Garments round
 Her Hair in Knots with Adamant she bound.
 Now flaming *Phlegethon* the Witch explores
 And on the Brimstone Lake's burnt marly Shores.
 A Beacon-Pine she fires, whose baleful Glare,
 Lights her long Wings to lash Hell's lazy Air,
 And swift she pass'd the dark Dominions there.

A Place there lies in *Gallia's* bounded Land
 Lost is in rising Seas its last stretch'd Strand:
 Here Victim-blood *Ulysses* sprinkling round
 Rais'd whole pale Regions sleeping under Ground:
 Here strange odd sounds of Spirits frequent are,
 Shrilling through hollow Winds they scream in Air;
 The Plowman sweats, untir'd, with meer surprize,
 Whilst wide o'er Furrows stalking Ghosts he spies,
 Sees Phantoms float in Air, a frightful Scene,
 There Sprights glide shadowy cross the darkning Green,
 Through this Earth's haunted Gulph, the forc'd her
 Way,

And from a Troop of Ghosts, aspir'd to Day:
 On, as she shoots, a Gloom still shooting on
 Blots the beam'd Splendor of the sickning Sun:

Sounds,

Sounds, to which mortal Ears are strangers, fly
 Through the rent Regions of the shivering Sky:
 Ev'ndistant *Britain* felt the Tempest roar,
 Pale shook her whitening Cliffs from Shore to Shore:
 More, than if Earthquakes sprung that length of Mine,
 Shook all the trembling Fields along the *Sein*:
 The Sea revolv'd, did its strong Course forgoe,
 Flat sunk the rapid *Rhine* and fear'd to flow.

Now to gray Hairs she chang'd her native Snakes,
 And a grave *Veteran's* reverend Form she takes:
 False Furrows on her lying Face are seen,
 Limping her Gait and languid is her Mien:
 Thus the Mock-cripple, still worse Parts to play
 To fam'd *Elyza's* Turrets halts her Way:
 And now arriv'd does much and long survey,
 With envious Eyes, the Man, whose monstrous Parts
 Made him transcend her in her own black Arts.
 Him, with malignant Joy, the Fury Fir'd,
 Curs'd while she view'd; but, while she curs'd, admir'd.
 This in her Thought;—Far other Thoughts she broke;
 When she, the Champion of the Fiends, bespoke.

“ CAN thee *RUFINUS*, lazy Life delight,
 “ Would'st thou inglorious, would'st thou screen'd from
 Sight
 “ Thy pretious Days in Fields paternal end,
 “ Youth's blooming Beauty waste and Glory spend?
 “ Ah! thou nor know'st thy Fate, nor know'st thy Stars,
 “ Nor know'st what Fortune for thy Lot prepares.
 “ My Will alone thou haste but to obey
 “ And o'er the willing World thou bear'st the Sway:
 “ Do not these Joynts, tho' weak with Age, despise
 “ For strong my Magick, and my Mind is wise,

“ My

" My Eye of Reason, thro' Ideal Day,
 " Darts into future Times clear Foresight's Ray.
 " I know the Charms, by which *Thessalians* move
 " The Moon to leave the darken'd Spheres above:
 " Know what each Sign of flight-ful *Egypt* bodes
 " And by what Arts *Chaldeans* rule the Gods.
 " I of all Trees the latent Juices know,
 " And fatal Force of all the Herbs that grow.
 " On *Caucasus*, or *Scythia's* rocky Ground,
 " Not that green Weed of Poison can be found;
 " Which, not as well as fierce *Medea*, I,
 " Or crafty *Circe*, to the full descry.
 " Oft, by the Force of my enchanting Strain,
 " I've bid the buried Body live again.
 " As oft the living murder'd with a Song
 " Tho' in the *Parca's* Hand their Thread was long:
 " Made rooted Oaks run wandering to and fro,
 " and bid the whistling Winds forget to blow.
 " Forc'd foaming Floods with backward Tides to turn,
 " And unexpected croud their frightened Urn,
 " But lest you think, as think, perhaps, you may,
 " What I so greatly speak, I vainly say,
 " By my Command, your Palace chang'd survey.

SHE said, when, straight, gilt Iv'ry Pillars rise,
 And rich with sudden Lightning daze his Eyes;
 Beams shoot swift cross the Cieling's shiney Mould
 Fretted and glitt'ring all with burnish'd Gold.
 His fix'd Eyes, feeding Pride, feast on the Bait,
 He gorg'd with Glutton-hopes the gay Deceit.
 Such, *Midas*, miser King! his Pride was such,
 When all Things chang'd obey'd his sov'reign touch,
 But, when rich Viands, stiff'ning, e'er he ate,
 Grown of a Piece with their containing Plate,
 Shew'd his Eyes Metal, where his Mouth sought Meat,
 B When

When froze to yellow Ice he did behold
 The Glass, Wine, Water turn transparent Gold,
 Then, nor 'till then, the cruel Gift he felt,
 Unwish'd his Wish, would have the Metal melt,
 His flaming Folly curs'd, and golden Guilt.

“ My Soul's whole Pow'rs stand so subdu'd, said he,
 “ That if some Man, as Man you seem, you be,
 “ Or rather some disguis'd descending God,
 “ Point where you please, I'll try the pointed Road.

THE Witch directs; he flies, as she ordains,
 Where orient *Phabus* gilds the Eastern Plains.
 When, with successful Mischief, safely led,
 By a curs'd Clue of Fate's directing Thread,
 He pass'd his Journey, to the Court arriv'd,
 There soon by Arts, which thrive in Courts he thriv'd;
 Straight reign'd Ambition, Right began to fail,
 And Posts and Places all were set to Sale,
 Blazing their Secrets, he his Suitors cheats;
 Begs Titles from his Prince, new Lords creates,
 Gives them new Names, and takes their old Estates.
 Where of the least Offence he catches hold,
 He fines the poor Offender forty fold:
 He stifles rising Mercy, and improves
 Each turn of Thought that Royal Vengeance moves:
 Where his Spite strikes — Death waits on ev'ry Blow,
 Slight Wounds turn mortal, and green Gangrenes grow.

Just as the Sea, which Streams unnumber'd feed,
 Those Streams or needs not, or not seems to need;
 Though here he swallows *Ister's* foaming Course
 There drinks down *Nile* pour'd from his sevenfold
 Source;

Their watry Tributes, He nor feels, nor knows,
But on, with equal Majesty, he flows :

So Tides of Gold, tho' pour'd from ev'ry Coast,
In his wide Gulph of *Avarice* are lost.

Who e'er of Jewels held a sparkling store,
Or Farms, that yielded much, and promis'd more,
Soon knew *RUFINUS*, and as soon grew poor.

Once barren Lands provok'd the Plowman's Curse,
But now they find that fruitful Fields are worse.

Well might rich Land-lords sad and sighing spy

Their heapy Harvests, with a heavy Eye,

When, to be rich, was, to deserve to die.

Some from their Father's Fields he drives away,

And makes both House and *Household-Gods* his Prey:

Some he'll their Lives, but none their Livings spare,

Most he destroys, and makes himself their Heir:

The publick Wealth, which trading Cities gain'd,

Was by this Tyrant's private Coffers drain'd:

Whole groaning Nations to his Yoke betray'd

Resign'd their Treasure, and with Tears obey'd:

He Heaps on Heaps, Day after Day, does hoard,

And a World's Ruins in one House are stor'd.

How far rash Madman, would'st push Fortune's Claim,

How far rush headlong and with bootless Aim?

Had'st thou the Treasures, that both Oceans yield,

Had'st thou the Springs, that glitt'ring *Lydia* gild,

With all their yellow Stores, to thee resign'd,

And *Cyrus*' Throne with *Crasus*' Crown conjoyn'd,

Yet would'st thou not be rich with all these Gains,

But prove poor *Avarice*'s carking Pains.

If Men have ne'er so much, yet wish for more,

That Mood of wishing keeps them truly poor.

Content

Content with humble but with honest Things,
 See brave *Fabricius* scorns the Bribes of Kings:
Serranus, sweating, the hard Plow commands
 The labouring Consul turns the lumpy Lands;
 The noble *Curij* narrow Cott's contain,
 Who best have fought, live best upon the Plain.
 Rapt with such glorious Sights, there seems to me
 Something Augustly Grand in honest Poverty.
 These Roofs so low, with Rev'ence strike my Eye,
 More than thy Domes so large, that Tour so high.
 While noxious *Luxury* corrupts thy Blood
 With fiery Liquors and inflaming Food,
 I, while thou buy'st what gives Diseases birth,
 Draw unbought Dainties from the wholesome Earth:
 Deep dy'd with *Tyrian* Juice thy Fleeces flow,
 Thy painted Vests with glossy Purple glow,
 O'er flow'ry Groupes here radiant Beauty reigns,
 And living Pleasures fills the laughing Plains:
 Which, as their Soils with different Genius call,
 All different Dresses wear and charm in all.
 You lye where silver Pedestals uphold
 Rich Sleepless Beds, all canopy'd with Gold.
 We sleep with soft sweet Herbage spread beneath,
 Calm, careless, hush'd, as in the Arms of Death.
 What Noises with thy crowding Levees come
 That ring long Ecchoes through the sounding Dome?
 Here warbling Birds each country Waker call,
 And Waters, that with murm'ring Musick fall.
 How sweet to live in this low little Way!
 Thus Nature tells us all, that will, we may
 Be happy, if true Happiness we chuse,
 And Nature's Gifts, as Nature teaches, use.
 Did we these Notions cherish as we shou'd
 Plain Dress would please us best, and simple Food.

3

The

Nor will this do, their Town and Townsmen must
 These all be slain, and that laid low in Dust:
 Raz'd from Records their Names no more be seen,
 As no such People liv'd or Place had been.
 This Murd'rer too, in Murders, skill employs,
 Studies new Pangs, and ev'ry Pang enjoys:
 Dungeons and Darkness Penalties and Pains,
 Vary those Captive's Woes, that wear his Chains,
 No stroke of Grace his Malice will afford,
 Nor send the kindly executing Sword.
 Is *Death* so great a Boon it comes so slow?
 He thinks it so it seems, and thinking so,
 To spin out Grief suspends Fate's friendly Blow;
 Cruelly clement, for mere spite he spares,
 And lengthens out the Life he'd load with Cares:
 That unjust Causes just Men may undoe,
 He acts as Witness, Judge, and Jury too:
 Slow to all Good, but swift to act all Crimes
 To distant Regions and remotest Climes
 Unwearied, he thro' trackless Wilds would go,
 Of burning Sands and Blood-congealing Snow.
 Nor *Northern* Frosts, not *Sirius'* flaming Force
 Restrains his Journey, or retards his Course.
 Inly he burns with fiercer Flames of Ire,
 Fears, lest one Foe should 'scape the Sword or Fire:
 Fears lest *Augustus*, should he once lose time,
 Might melt to Mercy and forgive a Crime.
 Not tenderest Years can mollify his Rage,
 Nor has he Bowels for declining Age:
 Youth's Necks, before their Father's tear-dim'd Eyes,
 The Axe does make a reeking Sacrifice:
 The Consul-Sire survives his slaughter'd Son
 To *Roam* an Exile for his Bread alone;

Such

Such bloody Deaths, such Butcheries who can bear,
 To tell with Patience, or with Patience hear?
 What equal Instances can quoted be,
 From the *Red* Records of Barbarity?
Scinis, who how to make *Trees* Murd'ers found,
 And *Sciron*, dreadful with his Rocks, profound:
 And *Sulla's* Dungeons, *Phalaris* his Bull
 Are now mere Nothings, Fables void and null.
 No more, O *Diomed*, thy Steeds are wild,
 Thy Altars, O *Busiris*, all are mild.
 You, *Cinna*, *Sparthace*, both pious are,
 If you with our *RUFINUS* we compare.
 Dejected Realms with hidden Hatred burn,
 But bury Passions and in private mourn.
 Inly they sob, and choak the painful Sighs,
 While, kill'd by Fear, their outward Anger dies:
 Doubly they suffer, who dissembling Grief
 Burst inwards, nor durst groan for mere relief,

Not thus brave *STILICO*; — his Mind does hold
 Free from such fear in conscious Virtue bold:
 Alone he stands with Head and Heart elate,
 Though the strong Tempest shakes the troubl'd State:
 He, while It does its Jaws destructive Part,
 At the wild Beast of *Rapine*, hurls the Dart:
 Hurls Dart on Dart, nor saves himself by Speed,
 Nor rides with guiding Reins the flying Steed.
 To him the weary'd fly; his gen'rous Breast
 Crowns all their Wishes, and secures their Rest;
 He is their Tow'r of Defence, their Shield,
 That bids Defiance to War's moving field:
 To him all frighted Fugitives retreat,
 With him they find that Goodness keeps her Seat.

Sole

Sole Foe to *Fury*, does he gently reign,
 The *Righteous* born to save and Right maintain.
 Stop'd by this *Chief*; the, Monster threats to fight,
 Yet he holds back, hangs so far hid from fight,
 His lying still was little less than flight. }
 So swells some Torrent wild with Wintry Rains,
 Breaks o'er the Banks and pours along the Plains.
 In the broad Waters broken Bridges swim,
 Nor can wide Forests stop the strengthening stream ;
 Widening and deep'ning Rushes on the flood,
 And flashing falls the Foliage of the Wood :
 But if it meets some Mount rough-ribb'd with Rock,
 It foams for Vent, it feels the furious shock ;
 Parting its watry Pow'rs, wide, fierce, profound,
 Rush round that Mount, and roar with thund'ring
 Sound.

What Praises are thy Due, who thus, when all
 Dreaded Destruction, when this Earthly Ball,
 Shook, to new *Chaos* trembling to be hurl'd,
 With *Atlas-shoulders* prop'd the tott'ring World?
 Thee the Gods shew'd us, kind they shew'd us thee,
 Sweet as some Star to Ships distress'd at Sea,
 Which, toss'd 'twixt Winds and Tides, at random go,
 And tumbling, dubious, dread the Depths below,
 That *this* Side threaten, and then *that* to whelm,
 While blind with Fear and Night, pale Pilots quit the
 Helm.

On the red Sea, in Story *Perseus* fam'd
 Fell Monsters rising from the Ocean tam'd,
 But Wings in safety bore him through the Sky,
 Thou hast no Wings, wants, none, nor need'st to fly :
Perseus, protected, the strong *Gorgon* held,
 But no *Medusa's* Hair enchants thy Shield.

He

He, by mean Lust, was to the Battle prest,
 And clasp'd the ransom'd Virgin to his Breast.
 But thy brave Breast burns for the Peace of Rome;
 Hence let excell'd Antiquity be dumb;
 Let it all bold Companions decline,
 Nor match its *Hercules* his Acts with thine.
 One Lion only graz'd *Cleone's* Wood,
 One Bear, *Arcadia's*, ravag'd for his Food,
 And thou *Anteus*, from thy Mother Ground
 Gath'ring new Strength, at each repeated bound,
 Ne'er wast beyond the *Lybian* Limits found.
Croton's Isle alone, one thund'ring Bull did shake,
 And *Hydra* stood confin'd to *Lerna's* Lake;
 But this our Monster not one Lake alone
 Infests, nor makes one single Island groan:
 Far as the *Roman* Arms extend their Sway,
 Quite to the setting Sun, from rising Day,
 He breeds new Panicks and he spreads Dismay.
 This Monster, not *Geryon*, could excel
 With his three Heads, nor he that's said to dwell
 The Three-mouth'd Porter in the Gates of Hell,
Chimera, *Hydra*, *Scylla*, joyn'd in one,
 With all their Terrors, he exceeds alone

HARD was your Conflict on each Side, and strong,
 Full much the Battle bled and lasted long:
 But how unlike your Manners in the Fight,
 'Twixt Wrong offensive and defensive Right!
 How foul his Crimes, thy Virtue, looks how bright!
 He threatens Death, but threatens it in vain,
 Those Threats you silence, and those Deaths restrain;
 He robs the Rich, the poor grow rich by you;
 He wastes, you build; he fights and you subdue.
 When raw in Mischief, Infant Plagues commence,
 They first give Flocks and Herds but slight Offence,

But soon grow mortal; — and as soon forget
 Sick Bulls to bellow, dying Sheep to bleat:
 Then, Death spreads, rises, scorns low single Stakes,
 Whole Tribes it sweeps, and peop'd Towns he takes.
 The Winds smell parch'd, the Air, with sultry Steams,
 Sweating blue Plagues, skins o'er the infected Streams;
 'Till ev'ry common Draught, and common Breath
 Must suck in Poison, and must shuff up Death.
 So the vast Pirate scorns each petty Prize,
 Nor robs to ruin single Families,
 The Wealth of Provinces he lusts to take,
 Would make crown'd Kings, and scepter'd Nations
 shake;

Mowing down Hosts, he burns to overcome
 Th' unnumber'd Forces of Imperial Rome;
 For this he num'rous Nations strives to raise,
 Thro' which the far-stretch'd *Istrian* River strays;
 Whole Clouds of *Scythians* gather to his Aid,
 The rest are all to hostile Arms betray'd.
 Into his Camp fierce Crowds *Sarmatian* pours,
 But mix'd with fiercer still, the *Dacian* Pow'rs;
 The *Massagetes*, who stab their Steeds for Food,
 Chaw the raw quivering Flesh, and quaff the Blood;
 The hardy *Alans*, who, upon the Brink
 Of *froze Maotis*, lap the Ice for Drink,
 And the *Gelomians*, who with Pride reveal
 Limbs painted red, and sculp'd with pointed Steel;
 These all collected form his barb'rous Band,
 And bold *Rufinus* boasts the wild Command.

This Race of Men the East of *Scythia* bred,
 Where shiv'ring *Tavris* rears his Snow-bound Head;
 Than them no Men more bold, more barb'rous are,
 That draw rough Influence from the Northern Bear;

Habits

Habits of horrid Guise their Limbs infold
 And their foul Forms are hideous to behold ;
 In hard long Labours, stubborn to the End,
 Their Hearts no Toils can tire, no Dangers bend ;
 Bread they eat none, but make raw Food their Prey,
 Bloodshed their Sport, and Fratricide their Play :
 But he most happy boasts his bar'brous Pride,
 Who swears himself, with truth, a Paricide :
 So fit for Arms, they on their Horses show,
 As if one Beast did from the other grow ;
 Not Cloud-born *Centaurs* seem more truly so,
 Rough without Order, unreclaim'd and rude,
 To Arms rush'd this untuly Multitude.
 Yet against these you march with dauntless Soul,
 Far as rough *Heber's* foaming Waters roll ;
 Thus first preferring a most pious Pray'r,
 Before the Trumpets sound or Swords are bare.

" O *Mars*, or crown'st thou *Hemus* high that shrouds
 Its Sight-sought Summit lost in circling Clouds :
 Or sit'st on *Kodape's* fair rev'rend Brow
 Heary with Frosts, and white with Silv'ry snow :
 Or on *Pangea's* Tree-thick Top resides,
 That casts brown shades down all its darken'd fides,
 O! join with me, O! guard thy fav'rite race,
 And, O! protect thy Sons, the Sons of *Thrace* :
 If Wars best Glories to our sides incline,
 Then shall tall Oaks, adorn'd with spoils be thine :

THE Warriors Pray'r, the Sire of Battles heard,
 High from the Snow-fleec'd rocks of *Hemus* rear'd ;
 Loud Accents thus his stern Commands declare
 To the dread Train, his Ministers of War.

" HERE

" HERE, quick, my Helmet, here *Bellona*, bring
 " My Chariot Wheels, let ghastly terror wing,
 " With crooked Scythes of *Death*; let pale *Affrights*
 " Harness my rapid Coursers, fit for fight.
 " Be quick, and ready make the Warrior car,
 " For *STILICO* prepar'd Demands the War.
 " My *STILICO*, who, sure as Battle joins,
 " So sure with Trophies neighb'ring Oaks inshrines:
 " So sure suspends rich Off'rings made to me,
 " The Crests of hostile *Heroes* on the tree.
 " Still the same Trumpet sound for both *Alarms*,
 " Still the same Signal calls us both to *Arms*.
 " His moving *Tents* I still regard as mine,
 " And to his *Troops* my thund'ring Chariot join.

SWIFT down the *Steepe* his winged Chariot rode,
 Then rushing thro' the Camp it wheel'd the God.
 Here *STILICO*, there *Mars* push o'er the Plain,
 And, turn'd before them, drive the trembling Train;
 Alike their Bulk, alike their Buckles are,
 On each bright *Helmet* nods the horses hair,
 Like some branch'd Comet or some bearded *Star*:
 As from their Fury, flying *Foes* retreat,
 With hot Pursuit their Breast-plates seem to sweat.
 Red were their Spears, and the wet *Cornel-wood*
 Soak'd in repeated Wounds grew drunk with Blood.

MEANTIME *Megara* pleas'd with *Mischief's* View,
 Who, more she gain'd her Wish, more fierce in Wishes
 grew,
 Sad sorrowing *Justice* in a Watch 'tow'r found,
 Whom her ill tongue thus teaz'd with taunting sound.

" SEE how the golden Glories of your reign,
 Just as you thought, roll on in Peace again :
 For us poor Pow'rs, we must give way to Peace,
 No room for *Furies* now where Discords cease :
 See, pray now, see pray yonder turn your Eyes,
 How fall yon Walls, see how yon flames arise.
 What heaps of slaughter, streams of Blood-shed, see,
 My brave *RUFINUS* immolates to me ?
 How feast my *Snakes* ; fat Carnage for their food,
 How suck Hell's-Leeches, till they burst with blood.
 Leave, leave Mankind to me ; my Lot resign,
 By their Contentions Nature meant them mine.
 Back to your Stars your airy Regions fly,
 Take your Autumnal seat, and rule the Sky.
 O might I but high Heav'ns broad Convex trace,
 And there pursue thee, and there break thy Peace.

JUSTICE replies, " On me mad Vaunts are lost,
 " Much art thou vain, but hast not long to boast.
 " Yet, yet a little, and behold the time,
 " When dear thy *Minion* pays for ev'ry Crime:
 " Swift at his Heels a just Avenger flies,
 " Hear, learn and know ; HE that storms Earth and
 Skies,
 " Dies soon ; and, barr'd from common Burial, dies.
 " Then the glad Age shall its wish'd Lord receive,
 " And in *Honorius* Boast a Chief to have, }
 " Great like his Father, like his Brother brave,
 " For thee, he'll thee in Chains of Iron lay,
 " For ever banish'd from the sight of Day :
 " Thou, with thy snaky Locks shav'd off, shalt dwell
 " Included close in lowest Cliffs of Hell.

" Then

- " Then Mother Earth, for all her Sons shall bear
 " Life's favours, free and common as the Air.
 " No Land-marks then shall portion out the Ground,
 " No furrows, made by crooked Ploughs, be found:
 " Surpriz'd the *Shepherds* shall rejoice to see,
 " Without the Aid of Midwife Industry,
 " Nature, unpain'd, nay pleas'd, shoot springing Corn,
 " And sudden Harvests, without Labour, born.
 " Sweet honey shall the Oaks, like Dew, distil,
 " Fat flowing Oil the sleek-stream'd Lakes shall fill.
 " Rich Wines, thro' Channels, Earth's free Cell'ridge,
 fray,
 " And purple streams with foaming Eddies play.
 " No flocks shall dip their fleece in *Tyrian* Dyes,
 " Sheep Princely clad shall 'maze the shepherd's Eyes:
 " While the red springs of Life all warm and full
 " Shall push spontaneous forth the blushing Wool.
 " As Moss new Dew-drop'd, silv'ry spangled seems,
 " So through all Oceans vast expanded streams,
 " Shall the green Sea-weed shine, with genuine Gems. }

FINIS.

After-Thought.

AS I have propos'd to raise a Subscription, for this Work, against the Time that it comes out compleat, with the Addition of the second BOOK, of CLAUDIAN'S *Satire* against RUFINUS, *cum notis variorum*. I imagin'd, upon second Thoughts, it might not be amiss here to satisfy the Reader's Curiosity, with some Hints of the *Argument* upon which the Second BOOK is form'd, which is briefly this.

It represents RUFINUS, involving the Empire in Confusion and War, and aiming at being made himself a Colleague and Sharer of the Imperial Power with his Sovereign Lord and Master. Accordingly, when he appear'd among the Soldiers, whom he still imagin'd to be his Creatures, intending to be proclaim'd and ascend the Throne with ARCADIVS, as Joint-Emperor in their Sight; He was deservedly kill'd in the Attempt by the Soldiers, who had conceived a mortal Hatred to him, for his Treachery to the best and most indulgent of Sovereigns. After he was kill'd, his Head was born about upon the Top of a Spear, his mangled Carcass was expos'd to the Discretion of the enrag'd Multitude, and every Body strove to get a Piece of him, so that his Flesh and Limbs were torn and broke into Thousands of little Fragments. But one common Soldier was ingenious in carving his Portion out of him. He cut off his right Hand and carry'd off that

